—THE—

Road to Gretna Green

By Dorothea Deakin,

Author of "Georgia," "The Wishing Ring," Etc.

CHAPTER X 14

Continued.

"I should think it would do him good," Lise remarked shortly, and quite without sympathy. "I expect his state of mind has more to do with the dreadful things he lives on than Audrey's cruelty."

Jack's lips twitched. Lise was almost sure he was going to smile, but he was much too full of moral strength for such a fall, and he pulled himself together.

"It's not a laughing matter," said he. Her heart sank.

"Can't you get them to give up this ridiculous idea?" he demanded. Lise flushed.

"I shouldn't think of such a thing!" cried she. The fact that it had never occurred to Jack to be glad that Michael was going to be married drove her to the verge of despair. "And I had to sacrifice a great deal," she went on hastily. She realized with relief that her temper was now swiftly rising. "I had to lose one of my best friends."

"I thought you were tired of Audrey," he said indifferently.

Her black eyes blazed at him. "I didn't mean Audrey. I meant Michael. I shall lose a good, kind, affectionate, sympathetic, unselfish friend when he marries her. I suppose you didn't think of that."

"You'll find another idle youth to hang about and pour his ready sorrows into your sympathetic ear, no doubt."

Lise sprang from her seat. "Oh!" she cried. "You are unbearable. How much longer is this kind of thing going to last? How much longer am I to live this life—to endure this torture?"

Her husband watched her with puzzled eyes as she paced restlessly up and down in the old way, and he thought once more what a pity it all was. So pretty, so graceful, so impossible to live with in peace. He sighed as he watched her.

"About forty years, I expect," he answered sadly.

"I never do anything to please you!" she cried.

"Do you ever try?"

"You never understand me."

"God knows who could!"

She flung herself into a chair and buried her face in her hand. An old, old attitude. An attitude he knew too well.

"Lise," he said in a softer tone, "you don't like Audrey much, do you?"

She looked up in surprise.

"I wonder if you have been doing this to save Nigel."

"To save him." Her bewildered tones were answer enough, but he would give her the full chance of explaining.

"It is possible," he said kindly, "that you have realized the truth; that you have seen that she isn't good enough for Nigel, and want to get her out of his way. Was that it?"

Lise shook her head.

"No," she said; "it never occurred to me. Thank you very much for the loophole you have given me, Jack, but I won't take advantage of it. I think Audrey is peculiarly suited by nature to almost any man. I think she will be able to make any man happy. She finds it as easy to make people happy as I do to make them miserable." A quick glance out of the corner of her eyes showed that her husband was quite untouched by this obvious truth. She set her lips.

"Jack," she said, "how long are we to go on like this?"

"For forty years or so, I suppose," he said again.

"No! I can't bear it. We must separate. You must go your way, and I'll go mine."

"Likely to turn out the broad path we've both heard so much about, don't you think?" he suggested lazily.

"Not at all," said Lise quickly. "We must take care that the paths don't meet, that's all. We stumbled into this marriage like a couple of blind children, and now—"

"Now we pay the fiddler," he suggested mildly. "Our relations having called the tune."

He understood Lise in this mood, and his bad temper had evaporated.

"If I had known," she cried furiously, "I would rather have—"

"Died?" suggested he, with an aggravating glance at her. "So would I. You have the devil's own temper, Lise."

"Temper!" she cried furiously. "Thank God I have some spirit! I would rather be a cabbage growing in a garden than feel so little one way or another as you do."

"You wrong me." Jack rose to ring the bell. "I feel, for instance, very strongly on the subject of this elopement. I can hardly tell you how strongly. And I would rather live with a thousand cabbages in a hundred gardens than listen eternally to a person who feels so much about everything—or says she does!"

CHAPTER XI.

The day of the elopement was a glorious day. When young Osgood turned up instead of Michael at the appointed place and hour, Tormentilla, with her previous experience of the faint-hearted bridegroom, at once feared the worst. It is generally the best thing to do in these cases.

"You're a bit late," said John Edward, cheerfully shaking hands with him, without waiting for an introduction.

"But it isn't him," Tormentilla gasped wildly, without any pretense of grammar. As she studied his pleasant, manly face and firm mouth, she wished with all her heart it had been.

Young Osgood was very much out of breath, and the beautiful Rosinate made him almost speechless with envy.

"Kenworthy sent me to say—"

"Oh, what?" cried Tormentilla in agonized tones.

Osgood stared.

"To say he couldn't come—"

"Hallo!" John Edward looked sharply at the surprised youth. "But that won't do at all. We can't stand any nonsense of that sort. He's jolly well got to come, don't you know?"

Tormentilla realized with a thrilling heart that she had expected this from the beginning.

Osgood gazed blankly from one excited face to the other. The only perfect chauffeur in the British Isles appeared also to awake from his apathy at that moment and take an interest in the conversation.

"Where is he?" Tormentilla demanded with blazing eyes.

Osgood felt sorry for Michael.

"He's round the corner, sitting on his bag. It's deuced heavy, you see, and he doesn't feel very fit this morning. Lugged me out of bed to help him, and now he's resting on it till you come. He forgot to make arrangements for his luggage he said. Is this the car he's going touring in? He's a lucky beggar, I must say."

He walked round the Rosinate and examined it above and below, with his hands on his knees and his heart in his eyes. John Edward warmed to him for his intelligent interest, but the chauffeur looked as if he thought it was like his cheek. Tormentilla found herself hoping that the irreproachable one wouldn't regard Michael with an equally suspicious or unfriendly eye, or it might run a good chance of casting a blight upon this promising honeymoon.

They found Michael sitting on his bag round the corner with a cheerful smile on his face—"considering," John Edwards said afterwards. And here young Osgood left them with ill-concealed envy. He had no idea of the real truth, of course, but any kind of a tour in such a car—in this weather—was too good to be true.

Michael, however, had, it seemed, a few words to say before they started. And he told John Edward how decent it was of him to give a chap such a helping hand.

"The fact is," said he, "that I've felt doubtful about the thing all along. I've been torn by all kinds of horrible doubts and perplexities. I've written half-a-dozen notes saying I've left the country for ever, and shall never be dragged back to it again alive—"

"Every one feels like that," remarked John Edward with scant sympathy. "Get in, man, or we shall be late."

"I want to tell you," said Michael, firmly pressing down his cap and enveloping himself in an enormous leather coat, "why I feel so utterly different to-day."

"It's the kind of day to make everybody feel different about everything," said John Edward sharply. "The air's fine. Kenworthy, we really must get off—"

"There's no hurry," said the bridegroom-elect cheerfully. "Audrey will be late, too. She always is. And she always expects me to be, so that's all right. Before we start I must tell you how the whole world changed for me on Monday night."

John Edward helplessly gazed at Tormentilla, but she had no explanation to offer.

"You see," said Michael, leisurely changing his handkerchief from one pocket to another, "this was how it came about. I was sitting in my room, literally in the depest depths of gloomy despair. I could see no light anywhere. I didn't want to be taken off in a motor and married; I felt sure that Audrey didn't want it either. The whole world revolved round us in hideous mockery; we were being driven to the edge of a precipice; we were floundering in a morass; we were—"

"You'll be precious late into the bargain if you've got much more to say," John Edward remarked with some heat.

"And then," said Michael, with a delightful smile, "in a moment the whole universe changed. Jack Standring came to see me."

Tormentilla made a little gasping sound, and stared at him.

"Yes," said Michael; "Jack Standring came to give me a piece of his mind. He gave it—freely, I may say."

"What did he say?" Tormentilla cried. They were standing at the moment out of the chauffeur's hearing.

"He said a lot of things," Michael replied calmly. "He said I was going to cast a blight over a bright young life. And that's the sort of thing that bucks a man up."

"What!" Tormentilla and John Edward again exchanged horrified glances. Their mutual fears for his reason grew fast.

"He said," pursued Michael, "that any man who took a girl from a luxurious home and plunged her into poverty was a hound. I saw at once that there was no other course open for me then—"

"Oh! Not—"

"Than to go on with it," he smiled cheerily at her. "I am not selfish, and I have my rights. If I was selfish, I should go on in the old way, allowing her to break her heart for me because I was afraid of the censure of the affluent."

His companions were speechless.

"He said that the girl was rapidly learning to forget me. 'That,' I said to myself, 'shall never be.' And said that if I left her alone she would in time transfer her affections to a worthier man. And I resolved," Michael cried triumphantly, "to show him that that, at least, was impossible."

"Did he say anything else?" Tormentilla asked in bewildered tones.

"Yes," said the young man; "he did. He said that if we didn't give up this mad idea, he should feel obliged to take steps himself; but as he appeared to think of it all as happening some time in the dim future, his threat did not trouble me. But you see now that I am at least heart and soul with the rest of you in this affair."

John Edward said grimly that he was glad of that, and they'd better start at once if they were to get there by midday. And he and Tormentilla discussed in wondering tones the extraordinary attitude of the happy groom. Tormentilla said she had never seen him so cheerful shrdlun never seen him so cheerful since she had known him, and wasn't it a good sign? And John Edward admitted that it might be if he'd been sure that the youth was quite sane.

"I wonder what he's taken to keep his spirits up?" said he, but there he wronged Michael, who had breakfasted on charred toast and innocent Chinese tea.

They gave the Rosinante her head whenever they dared, and flew along the white roads with the wind ringing in their ears, and the sun shining on the blue canal over the hedge, and Tormentilla's heart danced, because it was such a glorious day, and because she was sitting beside the only person in the world who really mattered. The fact that it was probably for the last time was a sting, but only the subtle kind of sting which shows up the sweetness of the hour and makes it sweeter. Her brown eyes shone and her cheeks grew pink, she laughed at everything, and enjoyed it all, and the minutes flew with the miles, and hours with the minutes, until it was half-past twelve and they were on the outskirts of Fallingfleet. They were to meet Audrey and Lise outside the railway station, and then lunch at the "Unicorn" and be at the church at two o'clock. Lise was to take Tormentilla back in her car, John Edward to return to London by train. It was beautifully arranged. Michael turned around and smiled over his shoulder at them as they whizzed through the neat little suburbs of the town and drew up outside the railway station. Yes, there was Standring's car. And the girls?

Tormentilla jumped out and ran onto the platform. A tall figure in a light greeny-gray coat came swiftly down to meet her. It was Lise—alone. Her eyes were full of angry tears, and a bright red patch burnt either cheek, but Tormentilla, gay and excited, did not notice this.

"Where is the lovely bride?" said she, with an innocent little giggle and a wide, jolly grin.

Lise caught her by the arm and hurried her out to the others. She bowed absently to John Edward, who was never an imposing figure, and held out her hand to Michael with an indignant little sound.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I did my best. Indeed, I did my best."

"What's the matter?" Tormentilla asked quickly, all her worst fears once more awakened. "Oh dear, do tell me what the matter is!"

"I couldn't stop her!" Lise cried wildly. "I used every argument I could think of. The whole station must have thought us mad. I lost my temper much, much more thoroughly than I ever lost it before, and nothing moved her."

"'Audrey,' I said, 'you've burnt your boats and must go through with it.' And she said she'd not signed anything yet, and wasn't going to."

"But what's she done?"

"I thought something was wrong, when I found there was no luggage in the car, and when she said she'd made other arrangements I supposed she'd sent it on by rail in advance to save trouble and make it lighter for the car. I little knew."

"We don't know anything yet," John Edward suggested politely. He wondered if he and Tormentilla had become hopelessly entangled with a party of escaped lunatics.

Tormentilla caught Lise by both arms and gave her a little shake.

"I can't bear it any longer!" she cried. "What did Audrey do?"

"She went home by the twelve o'clock train"—Lise dropped her hands despairingly — "With Mr. Bromsgrove."

To be Continued.

Living in Hopes.

Prof. William J. Rolfe, the Shakespearean critic and commentator, recently presented one of his young neighbors with a set of Rolfe's annotated edition of Shakespeare.

Meeting the latter a few days later he asked him:

'How do you like Shakespeare?"

"Very well."

"And do you understand him?"

"Yes. I understand Shakespeare all right," returned the boy, "and I expect that in course of time I'll be able to understand the notes."

Coasting Flying Machines.

In Switzerland the coasting flying machine furnishes great fun. Sleighs are fitted with wings, or gliders, and taken to the top of a steep hill. They dash down with lightning speed, and when the wings are released the sleighs rises into the air for a beautiful slide. It is an easy way to learn flying, but aside from this the new sport beats coasting all to pieces.—New York Press.

A Suggestion.

"Why so downcast?"

"Oh, I sat up with a sick friend last night, but my wife refuses to believe me. What would you do?"

"Refer the matter to the University of Copenhagen. You'll get peace for awhile, anyhow."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two Philadelphia medical students employed their vacation hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains near Emmittsburg. They captured a number of large reptiles, from which they obtained about $1500 worth of venom, to be shipped to Paris.

ON A SOUND BASIS

TARIFF REVISION LOOKED AT IN NEW LIGHT.

Necessity for General Changing of Schedules Is Not Apparent to the Thinker—Proposition Is an Argument of the Grafters.

In his speech at Council Grove, Kan., Senator Cummins said that one of the objects of the progressives was to make a rule "whereby any schedule of the tariff bill may be revised at will without going through the whole of the tariff schedules." He said further:

"This would eliminate the intolerable vice of the present system whereby a congressman will make combinations with other members and will vote for many schedules that he believes are absolutely wrong in order to get a schedule that he believes is right."

This theory of tariff making is not new. In 1824, when Daniel Webster of Massachusetts made his famous speech on the tariff of that year, he said:

"I deeply regret the necessity which is likely to be imposed on me of giving a general affirmative or negative vote on the whole of the bill. I cannot but think this mode of proceeding liable to great objections. It exposes both those who support and those who oppose the measure to very unjust and injurious misapprehensions. There may be good reasons for favoring some of the provisions of the bill, and equally strong reasons for opposing others; and these provisions do not stand to each other in the relation of principal and incident. If that were the case, those who are in favor of the principal might forego their opinions upon incidental and subordinate provisions. But the bill proposes enactments entirely distinct and different from one another in character and tendency. Some of its clauses are intended merely for revenue, and of those which regard the protection of home manufactures, one part stands upon very different grounds from those of other parts. So that probably every gentleman who may ultimately support the bill will vote for much which his judgment does not approve; and those who oppose it will oppose something which they would very gladly support."

This condition has existed in regard to every tariff bill that has been passed. Undoubtedly there were features of the Payne bill which the Insurgents and progressives would have supported enthusiastically if they could have done so without giving their approval to others which they utterly condemned, and the same is true of the Democrats. More and more people are reaching the conclusion that the bogey of general tariff revision is created for a purpose, and that it is no more necessary to disturb all business by revising the whole of the tariff schedules at the same time than it is to revise our whole criminal code every time a change is made in the statutes. There need be no consideration of what to do with hides because conditions require the reform of the wool schedule. There is no reason why, when it is proposed to reduce the outrageous tariff on lead, a fight should have to be made to keep the grafters from putting a tariff on coffee.—Indianapolis News.

Democratic Opportunity.

The Democracy of Maine has won a great victory, a victory of national import. It is now for them to make the results of that victory permanent, instead of a flash in the pan. In the first place, they must strengthen and perfect their party organization throughout the state. The work must be thoroughly done in all its ramifications. The incentive that has been lacking for this they now have. Organization is essential, but what is still more essential is a clean and good record. The Democratic party will be judged by its fruits, as the opposing party has been judged. Its opponents from now on will be on the watch for Democratic blunders and evidences of the "incompetency" they sneeringly allege. They must be disappointed, and we believe they will be, disappointed completely. The Plaisted administration, we predict, will fully justify the confidence of the Republicans as well as the Democrats who have placed it in power.—Portland Argus (Dem.).

Roosevelt Always to the Fore.

About two-thirds of Mr. Roosevelt's platform at Saratoga is given up to national questions. Of these the tariff is most important, and the action of congress as to the tariff is warmly, extravagantly, and very far from truthfully praised. The tariff as it is and as it ought to be is thus made the chief issue of the campaign, always keeping in mind the exception in regard to the personality and ambitions of Mr. Roosevelt himself. It is made so by Mr. Roosevelt.

Party Cannot Be Trusted.

In tariff revision the Republican party cannot be trusted. The cheating they did in 1909 will be done again and again, just as often as the chance is given. The motive to cheat is continuous. The interests that schemed and paid for the treachery of last year have the same needs now and are equally ready and able to buy their satisfaction, and this will be just as true as to the reform of one schedule as it will be with regard to a general revision.

Wherein Popular Grievance.

It is an easy thing to say that the present tariff law has increased the cost of living, but it is impossible to prove it.—Sereno E. Payne.

Mr. Payne appears to overlook the fact that the people's grievance against the law is not so much that it has increased the cost of living as that it failed to decrease it: that it is not the downward revision that was promised all through the Republican campaign of 1908; that it is not the tariff that was expected by the voters who made Mr. Taft's popular vote so large.

APOLOGIZING FOR HIS PARTY

President Taft Driven to Extremes in Defending the Policies of the Republicans.

President Taft's references to the "bargain-counter" tariff of the Payne-Aldrich combine in his recent speech showed natural and creditable embarrassment. He had made promises as to tariff revision which congress would not carry out. He had laid down a principle of action which congress utterly scouted. He had labored anxiously all through the special session for decent treatment of party pledges, particularly with reference to the materials of industry and to goods needed by the poorer classes, and his efforts had been entirely vain. Now he has assumed the character of general apologist for his party, and has devoted strength and time required for his executive service of the whole nation to the work of advocate in chief in a congressional campaign. In that campaign the tariff is the dominant issue. He cannot ignore or wholly evade it. It bothers him greatly. He is by nature an honest and candid man. He is by training an acute and thorough lawyer. He has had long and honorable experience as as impartial judge. He is well equipped to detect the truth in a complicated question, and his impulse and habit prompt him to stand by the truth.

But the truth is very, very bad for his party. It is to some extent bad for him, too, for he has not done all that he could have done to compel the observance of pledges made by him and by his party. But we think he would own up to that man fashion and appeal for confidence on the ground that he would do better in the future, if he had himself only to think of. He cannot, however, take that course as to his party, for its leaders are not frank, nor repentant. He must for his party make a wretched, hypocritical, treacherous and vicious course seem at least partly decent.—New York Times (Ind. Rep.).

TAFT AND VACATION TIME

Chief Executive's Ideas in the Main Are All Right, But There Are Obstacles.

Men on small salaries, and men who cannot leave their affairs to others even for a day, highly appreciate President Taft's assertion that every man should enjoy three months vacation each year.

Unfortunately, the average citizen cannot command a warship with a $50,000 bathroom and a brass band at public expense for his vacationing.

By the time he has paid for his living at the prices which the Aldrich-Taft tariff permits Mr. Taft's New England friends to charge, the ordinary man, who depends on his earnings, and is forced to keep his expenditures within his income, is lucky if he has the price of a car ride to the park.

Still Mr. Taft's suggestion is worth considering.

If Uncle Sam keeps on increasing his navy at the present extravagant rate, there will be warships enough to go around by the time universal peace is declared.

By way of excuse for keeping them in commission and spending tax money in tens and hundreds of millions, congress can establish a legal three months' vacation for everybody, to be spent aboard a warship at public expense.

Every taxpayer is just as much entitled to expensive junketing, paid for out of taxes, as is the president of the United States.

By all means let us have the three months' legal holiday, and give everybody a chance to enjoy brass bands, $50,000 bathrooms and a healthful life on the ocean wave aboard a warship.

Limit of Rooseveltism.

We now have the official interpretation of the New York Republican platform from the man who made it, Theodore Roosevelt. Here is his view:

"Three points, three essential points, were made in our platform of principles—the three points upon which the contest this fall in New York is to be waged. In the first place, that we stand, not timidly, not half-way, but aggressively, for honesty in public and business life. In the next place, that we stand for governmental efficiency. And in the third place, that we stand for the right of the people to control themselves, and not to be controlled by some one else. These are the three essential points of our platform."

Would it not be just awful if a political party should "stand for" dishonesty "in public and business life," for governmental inefficiency and for control of the people by a boss or a Caesar? It seems to us that "the three essential points" in this wonderful platform are points on which all sane men in the world are in absoluete agreement. And yet it is proposed to make an issue on them. Such boldness is almost astounding.

No "New" Tariff.

The protected manufacturer pitifully asks that the "new" tariff shall be given time to prove its usefulness. We have no "new" tariff. It is the same old bungling iniquity, with a nominal redistribution of the burden, but without the correction of a single vice. The more you change it, the more it is the same thing, and as the electors have shown all over the country already, to claim any mercy for it on the ground of experiment is childish.

Seems End of Cannonism.

Unless Uncle Joe turns Democrat it does not look as though he would have much chance of being elected speaker, and perhaps even then his chance would not be strictly first class. If Maine, indeed, "points the way," the choice of the Democratic caucus will be the next speaker of the house.

A question often asked and not yet answered is by what signs did Aldrich and Hale know enough to get under cover before the storm broke?

His Golf Girl

By M. J. PHILLIPS

Richard Coniston was in love with a picture. He who had traveled thrice around the world and seen the famous beauties of many lands was irresistibly attracted by a wholesome American girl outlined on a calendar. The picture was evidently from a photograph. The girl stood in the foregorund, slenderly graceful and vigorous, a smile on her winsome face. She was poised in the act of swinging a golf club on a little white ball. In the background was a fine old gentleman with snowy side whiskers, two or three caddies and some lookers-on.

Coniston, young and rich, had settled down on his big estate, determined to wander no more; but two months of staring at "The Golf Girl," as he called her, had aroused the old restlessness. He felt that at least he must see her.

At the bottom of the calendar was the name of a publishing house located in Chicago. In small letters was also the copyright imprint of the calendar manufacturers. They were in New York. Chicago was nearest to Coniston, though still a long distance away. He packed his bag one morning, after wrapping up the calendar very carefully and stowing it therein, and left for Chicago.

Some days later he reached the city. It was easy to find the printing house and get an interview with the manager. The latter recognized the picture instantly. Yes, that was some work which their presses had turned off a year before for a photographic supply firm.

"A photographic supply firm?" echoed Coniston in surprise. "Why, this bears the advertisement of the Idlewild Calendar Company."

"Can't help that," returned the manager. "We got it out for the Camera Supply Company, of Portland, Maine. We simply print the pictures and mount them; they put the inscription on themselves. After they have used a photograph for six months or so to boom their plates and cameras, they sell the right of production to the calendar people. See?"

Coniston saw. He also felt satisfied that the manager knew nothing of the identity of "The Golf Girl."

So he put the calendar back in his grip and caught the first train east.

He did not tarry in New York; Portland was his destination. The photographic supply company would be more likely to have authoritative information than the calendar company. An open switch, which caused the train to leave the rails and bump him out of his berth on to the floor of the sleeper, gave Coniston something to remember the journey by. Fortunately, the train was not going fast, and he escaped with a few bruises.

The president of the Portland concern, a shrewd, middle-aged, kindly man, scented a romance in Coniston's request for information. He was sympathetic, though not very helpful.

"Usually our advertising man gets the subjects for display photographs," he said; "but this picture has a different history. It was secured by the former president of the company and sent here over a year ago. He was very wealthy and rarely visited the house, though holding a big interest in it. Well, he requested that the photograph be freely used and, of course, that was done, especially as it is striking and artistic.

"He died very suddenly six months ago, never having told us anything about the central figure in the picture. His widow sold out her holdings to me without coming to Portland, so while we were curious, we could not question her about it. Quite recently, when it lost its advertising value to us through long display, we sold the picture to the Condar house. We know no more of the young lady there," he pointed to Coniston's calendar, "than you do."

"Perhaps the widow might be able to help me," said Coniston, hopefully. "Will you give me her address, please?"

The president shook his head regretfully. "I'm sorry to say that I can't," he replied. "The negotiations for her stock were conducted through my attorneys exclusively. The family had several homes scattered through the United States, and Mr. Hollingsworth was constantly on the wing. And the widow said that she was very anxious to close up his business so she and her daughter might go abroad again."

He studied the calendar and smiled. "I rather think Mr. Hollingsworth liked to have that photograph circulated because he was in it himself."

The president pointed to the old gentleman with the sidewhiskers.

"That was his picture?"

"Yes." And, as Coniston rose to go, "I wish you luck."

The calendar house was now Coniston's last hope. He hastened back to New York. But it had moved to a small town in Pennsylvania, Midvale, which fact he discovered only after three days of vexatious search. He went to Midvale.

The office of the calendar company proved to be a busy place. It was a big room in which a half-dozen typewriters clacked. Five of the six typists were pert, pretty young women who cast occasional interested glances at the good-looking Coniston. They found him, however, stolidly unresponsive.

The sixth stenographer was a pale, frightened little thing with red hair, who was alternately bullied and ignored by the others. In spite of his down-heartedness at the failure of his search so far, Coniston found time to feel sorry for her.

After an hour's wait he was summoned to the manager's office.

The burly, black-browed young man he found scowling out of the window did not seem to be in very good humor. "Well, what do you want?" he growled ungraciously when Coniston entered.

A moment later he cut short his visitor's tale with an insulting laugh. "Oh, oh," he said, so loudly that Coniston was sure the words carried to the outer office, "another masher stuck on' The Golf Girl,' eh? Well, you don't get her address from me. We're not helping mashers. She's probably no better than she ought to be, but—"

Coniston struck him squarely in the mouth with a force that crumpled the man into a heap in the corner. Then he walked out.

In the outer office he paused a moment to smile reassuringly at the startled force. The red-haired girl seemed more frightened and forlorn than ever. Impulsively he took the carnation from his buttonhole and laid it on her freckled little hand.

At dusk that evening he stood outside the little railway station, awaiting the New York train. A card was thrust into his hand from behind. He turned to see the figure of a girl hastening away. Her hair gleamed red under a street light.

He examined the card. On it was written: "Miss Marjory Hollingsworth, Echo, Cove, California," and Coniston laughed light-heartedly. He had found "The Golf Girl" at his own door, since Echo Cove was the town which his estate adjoins, Glen Duglass, are but seven miles apart.

Some of the very few folk who know the above story maintain that Dick Coniston purchased lifelong happiness with a ten-cent carnation; but the rest know that he won his pretty wife and deserves her because of his generosity and innate kindness of heart.

How It Looked.

Old Tightwad had just paid his clerk $7—representing the amount due him for a week's work—and the young man was examining it through a magnifying glass.

"What's the matter?" asked the boss. "Afraid it's counterfeit?"

"Oh, no," replied the clerk, "but this glass magnifies ten times, and that is just about what I earn."

Not His Fault.

Don't laugh at a man with bowlegs. If he could help them he would.

Too Strong to Be Cured.

Verdict of the French Physician at Brides-les-Bains Made the American Sorrowful.

Now that we look back upon our experience, we realize that Brides-les-Bains is the most serious cure of the many that we encountered. We are so apt to associate the Latins with a lightness of purpose that it took us two days to realize that the visitors did not arise at five in the morning with the sole intention of talking some more, nor that they went to bed at ten because the lights were turned out. More than that, while there was a casino and a band, there was no gambling, and the Frenchman who spends his holiday without the comfort of the "little horses" must have a very bad liver indeed. And more than all this, to prove the sincerity of the cure, the consulting physician pronounced the illustrator to be unfit for the drinking of the waters.

My companion and I drew in our breaths sharply at this announcement. My jaded conscionce pricked me a bit—perhaps, after all, the man was ill! The man himself cast upon me a heterogenous look of despair and triumph.

"You mean," he said to the physician, "that I am not well enough to stand the treatement?"

"Mon Dieu, no," replied the honest soul; "you are too well—you do not need the waters!"

He paused dramatically, waiting for an ecstatic acceptance of his verdict. And he is still waiting, and wondering at the strangeness of the American who went away sorrowfully like the rich young man of the Bible, and, passing through the shaded walk, gazed wistfully at the mountains of flesh gathered about the source, mugs in their pudgy hands.—Louise Closser Hale, in Harper's Magazine.

Men.

A good card player isn't apt to cut much figure in the harvest field.—Atchison Globe.